BATTLEWORLD

SIEGE

"BOTTOM LINE: YOU NEED TO READ THIS BOOK."
— ComicWow!com

SECRET WARS
MARVEL

SIEGE

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HNGH!

10 YEARS AGO

OH, ORD.

20 YEARS TOO LATE

YOU COULD NEVER HIT FOR &%*&.

SCHLANK...

GYYYAAAARRRRGH!

ABIGAIL BRAND: YOU ARE THE VICTOR IN THIS SECRET WAR.

YOU HAVE REBELLED TIME AND TIME AGAIN. YOU HAVE BEEN GIVEN ENOUGH CHANCES BY ALL-MERCIFUL, ALL-POWERFUL DOOM.

THIS WILL BE YOUR FINAL SECRET WAR.

YOU ARE SENTENCED TO THE SHIELD.

YOU WILL DEFEND IT UNTIL YOU DIE.

IF YOU LET IT FALL, MILLIONS WILL DIE.

YOUR LIFE IS OVER.

YOU ARE NOW A SHIELD-MAIDEN.

AT LAST.

SIEGE

THEY CAN'T EVER WIN. THEY CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE.

THE MULTIVERSE WAS DESTROYED.

•

NOW, ALL THAT REMAINS...IS **BATTLEWORLD**!

•

A MASSIVE, PATCHWORK PLANET COMPOSED OF THE FRAGMENTS OF WORLDS THAT NO LONGER EXIST, MAINTAINED BY THE IRON WILL OF ITS GOD AND MASTER, VICTOR VON DOOM!

•

THE MORE CIVILIZED DOMAINS TO THE NORTH ARE PROTECTED FROM THE VIOLENT, UNGOVERNABLE TERRITORIES TO THE SOUTH BY A PLANET-SPANNING WALL KNOWN AS **THE SHIELD**.

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01

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NOW.

Abiqail Brand's War Journal. Day 3682.

The Shield. Two-hundred-and-fifty feet high and circles the entirety of Battleworld.

As a child, it impressed me. As an adult, it terrifies me. It is so big. We are so few. If we fail, the worst happens...

...someone else has to live what I went through.

Yes, I used to be impressed by the wall. I used to have hope. I used to dream of all the things I wanted to do when I grew up.

But then, when I was nine years old, all that was washed away.

Then, all I ever wished for was an army and a sisyphean task.

I got exactly what I wanted.

Lucky me.

MORNING, COMMANDER!

I KNOW.

ANY BIG ATTACKS IN THE NIGHT?

OH, LEAH. IF YOU WEREN'T ENTIRELY INVALUABLE, I WOULDN'T MISS YOU FOR A SECOND.

DID YOU FIND YOURSELF AWOKEN, COMMANDER?

YOU CAN DEDUCE THE ANSWER TO YOUR QUESTION.

I'D BE HOPING YOU'D GET EATEN ALIVE BY WHATEVER MONSTER DECIDES IT'S IN THE MOOD FOR CHEWING ON A TALL GIRL WITH NOTHING BUT SARCASM RUNNING THROUGH HER VEINS.

PLUS, YOU WON'T BELIEVE THE *IDIOT* WHO'S REPLACING YOU.

MILADY!

WHAT, LEONARDO?

SORRY TO INTERRUPT, BUT I'VE A MESSAGE FROM THE ROBOTS...

OUR CONTACTS SOUTH OF THE WALL HAVE BROUGHT TO OUR ATTENTION A CERTAIN FORCE APPROACHING TH--

ENOUGH CHAT. UPLOAD EVERYTHING, UNITS. DETAILS.

LET'S GO.

MAJOR SUMMERS, FORCES AVAILABLE?

I'M SORRY, MA'AM. IN THE LOCALE THE UNITS HAVE SPECIFIED? ONLY FOUR OF MY SIBLINGS.

CORE FORCE HERE CAN BE REDEPLOYED TO ENGAGE THE ENEMY--

YES, *OBVIOUSLY* THEY CAN.

THANK DOOM YOU'RE PRETTY, SUMMERS.

HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED EVERYONE *APOLOGIZES* TO YOU BEFORE REPORTING, ABIGAIL?

ONLY IN THE MORNING.

THEY *SHOULD* BE NERVOUS TALKING TO ME BEFORE I GET COFFEE.

YOUR BREAKFAST, MA'AM.

THANK YOU, MAJOR.

ATTENTION, ENDLESS SUMMERS! WE HAVE OUR ORDERS. TIME TO SAVE A WORLD THAT CARES LITTLE FOR CLONES LIKE US.

AGAIN.

WELL MET! I'M LADY KATHERINE OF BISHOP.

AMERICA CHAVEZ. *MS.* AMERICA CHAVEZ.

ONE WARNING: *NOT* "MISS."

SUCH A STRANGE NAME, OH MOODY ONE!

PRAY TELL, WHAT REALM ARE YOU FROM, OH CROSS STARRED-LOVER?

A LONG WAY FROM HERE.

ARE YOU ALWAYS SO MYSTERIOUS?

EVERY SECOND OF THE DAY I'M NOT PUNCHING THINGS.

AH! 'TIS WELL PUNCHING IS OUR PLAN FOR THE AFTERNOON.

THINGS WILL BE PLAINER THEN, I'M SURE.

HEH. KEEP FINDING THOSE SILVER LININGS, PRINCESS.

HEY! GRIMM! GET UP HERE! WE NEED TRANSPORT!

WHATCHAWANT?

WE GOT AN UNWINNABLE FIGHT.

GIVE US A ROCK BUBBLE AND A MACH-TWO PERISTALTIC WAVE. WE'RE IN A RUSH.

TAKEN FOR GRANTED, THAT'S WHAT I AM.

RUMBLE RUMBLE

RUMBLE RUMBLE RUMBLE

IF IT STOPS YOU YELLIN', SURE.

SO, LEO...

...WHAT *ARE* WE FACING, ANYWAY?

Abiqail Brand's War Journal, cont'd

Five years earlier, Pym-Phalanx had marched into the Deadland. Thought they could learn from the undead and turn them against the Ultron-infection. Lost contact within two months. Within a year, the first attacks from the Giant Ant-Men began.

Blood samples from the first wave identified them as part of the Pym-family. Written on the DNA in individual atoms was a repeating message: "Kill me. I'm sorry. I was wrong. Kill me."

Somewhere out there is a hive of replicating undead, but no Hel-ranger patrol has been able to find them. We've gotten pretty good at taking them out, though.

This time the turning point was when we focused the Endless Summers Legion's optic blasts through one of Leonardo's lenses.

It was still hard. It's still as easy as it gets.

LATER.

OH, GIANT ANT-MEN ZOMBIES.

I HATE THOSE GUYS.

I THINK I DRINK MORE SINCE TAKING OVER FROM FURY.

THAT'S NOT A GOOD SIGN.

PERHAPS YOU'RE JUST THIRSTY.

YOU ARE DOING HIS JOB, AND DOING IT WELL.

THE LAST SIX MONTHS HAVE PROVED THAT YOU'RE AS GOOD AS HE EVER WAS.

AND YOU NEVER KNOW. MAYBE HE'LL COME BACK.

I COULD EVEN FIND HIM...

IF HE'S OUT THERE, HE'S DEAD.

AS ALWAYS, THE OPTIMIST.

YOU *HOPE* HE'S DEAD.

BETTER THAN ANY OF THE ALTERNATIVES.

AND I DON'T WANT *ANY OF THEM* TO HAPPEN TO YOU.

I AM LEAH, HEL-RANGER AND SHIELD-MAIDEN.

DO YOU EXPECT ME TO STAY HERE WHEN *ILLYANA* IS OUT THERE?

I DO. SHE'S BEEN MISSING A WEEK. SHE'S *GONE*. YOU DON'T WANT TO FIND HER.

AFTER WHAT HAPPENED WITH McCOY, I UNDERSTAND YOUR FEAR, BUT--

IF YOU UNDERSTOOD, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE MENTIONED IT.

I REGRET SPEAKING.

WE'RE TO PART. IF THESE PROVE TO BE OUR LAST WORDS, LET THEM NOT BE HARSH ONES.

YOU WERE THE BEST SECOND I EVER HAD.

I WOULD HOPE SO...BUT I'VE NEVER HAD ANY DESIRE TO BE *ANYONE'S* SECOND.

THAT'S WHY I'M ON THE WALL. AND NOW, I WILL FIND MY DESTINY AND MY LOVE IN THIS HELL.

AND HOPEFULLY A SWIFT DEATH.

SO KANG CAN TAKE COMMAND OF THE HEL-RANGERS!

AND BRING DOOM'S JUSTICE TO THE WASTELANDS!

HEH. OH, ABIGAIL.

YOU ARE THE LUCKY ONE.

OH, SHE IS. AH, TO BE A HEL-RANGER. OUT THERE, BREAKING UP THE ATTACKS BEFORE THEY REACH US.

PURGING THE OUTLAND RATHER THAN SITTING AND WAITING...

YOU FOUGHT IN THE NORTH. YOU DID... WHAT?

HUNTED HULKS?

CULLED THE GREEN HERD A LITTLE.

IT IS GREAT SPORT, IF YOU HAVE THE WARRIOR IN YOUR BLOOD.

I WILL BRING MY TALENT FOR ANNIHILATION HERE.

IMAGINE THE GLORY WHEN I PROVE THAT THE SOUTH *CAN* BE BROUGHT BENEATH THE HEEL OF MORTAL MAN!

YOU HAVE BEEN HERE A DECADE. WHAT HAVE YOU DONE, BAR COWER BEHIND THE SKIRTS OF YOUR MOTHER-WALL?

YOU STINK OF FEAR.

WHUH

HURK!

I'M SCARED YOU'RE *NOT* SCARED.

THAT SCARES ME MORE THAN EVERYTHING.

YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED THE *LAST* TIME THE SHIELD FAILED?

Abiqail Brand's War Journal.

Thirty years ago the shield collapsed. Seven major breaches.

The combined forces of Perfection, the Deadlands and the Bugs went on a rampage. His Doominess let them rampage until their vanguard reached the south tip of Fortress Doom, at which point he teleported them all to the Southlands and put the shield back together. All with a wave of his hand.

Total casualties are incalculable. Several regions were entirely destroyed, including Breakland. Barely two hundred survivors from there.

One was nine-year-old orphan me.

It's never going to happen again.

I AM NOT LETTING YOUR EGO GAMBLE WITH EVERY LIVING SOUL BEHIND THE SHIELD.

YOU'RE A COWARD. YOU FEAR BATTLE.

OH, WE GOT BATTLE HERE. YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU BROUGHT THOSE THIGH-HIGHS, PRETTY BOY, BECAUSE THAT'S HOW FAR YOU'LL BE WADING IN GORE.

WHAT YOU *DON'T* GET IS A VICTORY.

YOUR BEST DAY IS A MONDAY WHEN YOU HIT THEM HARD ENOUGH THAT THEY DON'T COME BACK ON TUESDAY.

BUT MAKE NO MISTAKE, THEY'LL BE BACK WEDNESDAY.

THERE IS NO "*WIN*" HERE.

WE JUST CAN'T FAIL.

BLEEP BLEEP

AND... WHY IS YOUR WRIST BLEEPING?!

A TEMPORAL DISTORTION. I'M GETTING A--

BLEEP BLEEP BLEEP

WH--

KANG? ANOTHER KANG?

ABIGAIL. I'M SORRY. TEMPORAL MINE FIELDS.

TOO THICK. COULDN'T NAVIGATE THEM.

I THOUGHT I COULD. I WAS WRONG. JUST TOO MUCH.

MEDIC!

LISTEN. LISTEN NOW.

WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF TIME.

IN 20 DAYS, THE SHIELD FALLS.

THANOS DOOMS US ALL.

WHO'S THIS "THANOS"?

NO IDEA. BUT WHEN I FIND HIM?

HE'S DEAD.

TIME BEFORE THE FALL OF THE SHIELD:

20 DAYS AND COUNTING.

THERE IS NO HOPE.

THE SHIELD.

DON'T GO. IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO SWITCH COMMANDERS. I NEED YOU *HERE.*

KANG IS DESPERATE FOR THE JOB. LET *HIM* GO LEAD THE HEL-RANGERS.

HE IS IGNORANT, VAINGLORIOUS, AND KNOWS NOTHING OF THE DEADLANDS.

I THINK IT FAR MORE LIKELY I CAN FIND THIS "*THANOS*" BEFORE HE BRINGS THE HAMMER DOWN.

TWENTY DAYS IS TIME APLENTY TO RETURN BEFORE THIS PROPHESIZED DISASTER. WHEN I FIND MAGIK, WE ARE BUT A SINGLE STEP AWAY--

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO FIND HER, LEAH.

SHE WOULD NOT LEAVE ME HERE ALONE.

FROM THE FIRST GLIMPSE, I KNEW WE WERE DESTINED TO BE TOGETHER.

REMEMBER HER FIRST DAY HERE?

Abigail Brand's War Journal.

Illyana Rasputin arrived and made a big impact. I like her.

Mainly, as she's useful. I hate fighting the Deadlands most of all. Science I can understand. These monsters slouching towards us, powered by Doom-knows-what eldritch nonsense? Can't deal with that.

It's why I need as many magical specialists as possible. Leah has been great by herself, but this blonde from Limbo really knows what to do to the un-dead. Which is mainly to remove the "un."

Look at me. I'm making jokes. I'm optimistic. I haven't felt this good since...

No. Not today, Abigail. Not today.

Anyway: Illyana Rasputin. I like her.

But not as much as Leah does.

(Illyana and Leah, sitting on a metallic colossus, K-I-S-S-I-N-G.)

MAGIK IS OUT THERE...

ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, WE WILL BE TOGETHER.

YOU DON'T THINK YOU'RE COMING BACK.

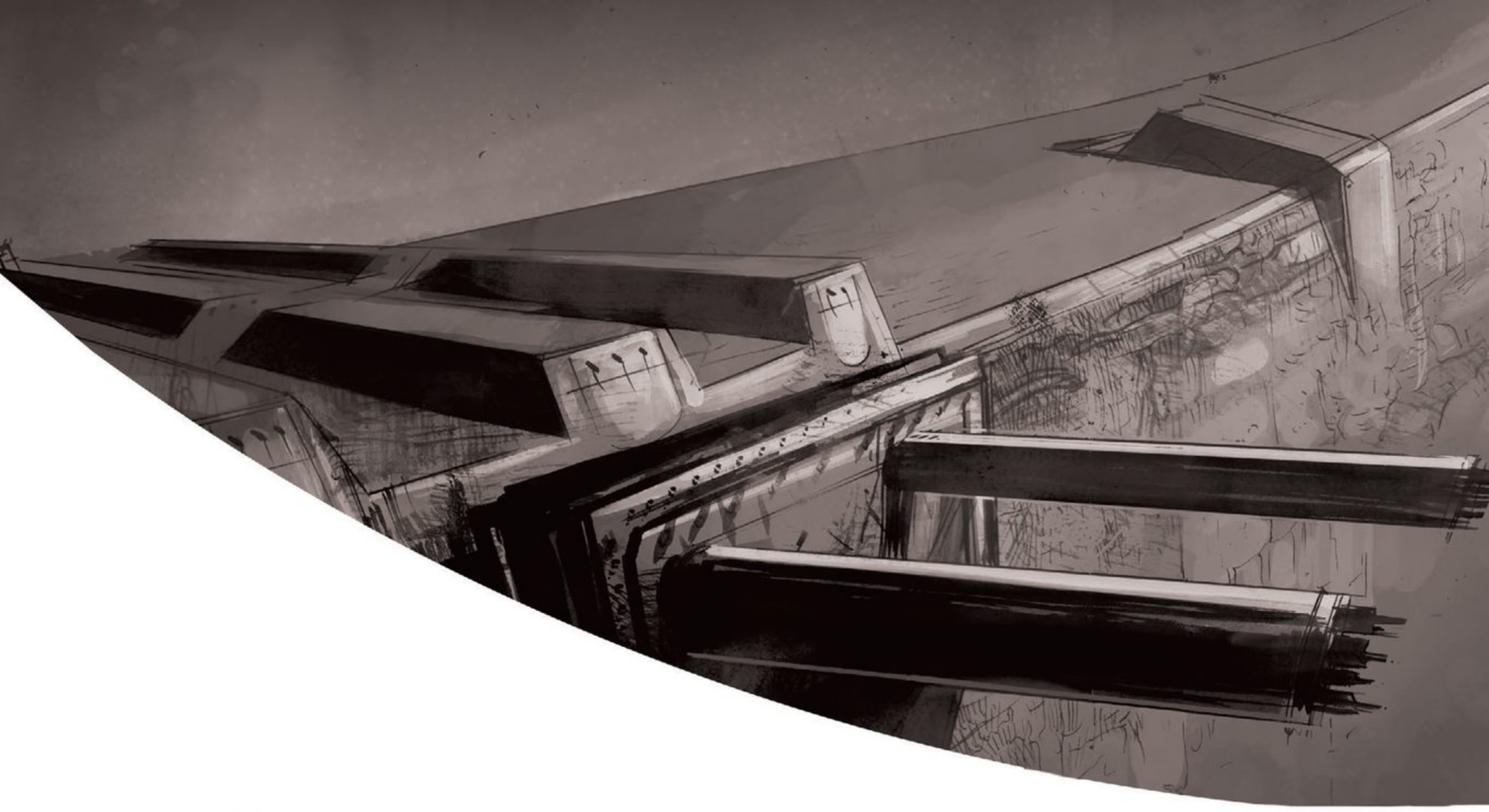
I WILL BE BACK, ABIGAIL BRAND.

DO NOT WORRY ABOUT ME. NO MATTER WHAT, DO NOT WORRY.

I AM LEAH HEL-RANGER.

I AM THE QUEEN-SIRED GIRL WHOSE KNEES WILL BEND TO *NO ONE.*

I WILL *BREAK* THIS WASTELAND.



SIGT

TO WASTE THEIR LIVES SAVING PEOPLE WHO JUST DON'T CARE?
IT'S THE ONLY THING THEY'VE EVER WANTED.

WELCOME TO THE SHIELD.

02

15 DAYS LATER.
5 DAYS BEFORE
THE SHIELD FAILS.

GOOD NEWS!

I AM TO BE REMOVED FROM YOUR CURIOUSLY COLORED HAIR!

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, KANG?

WE'VE LOST CONTACT WITH THE HEL-RANGERS.

SO YOU NEED A NEW COMMANDER, ONE THAT ***WON'T*** BE CONSUMED BY A SHUFFLING HORDE WITHIN A MERE COUPLE OF DAYS.

SUMMERS...

YES, MA'AM?

BRING ME A GUN.

MA'AM... HE'S BAITING YOU.

YOU ATTACK WITH DEADLY FORCE AND HE'LL BE PERMITTED TO DEFEND HIMSELF APPROPRIATELY.

IF HE KILLS YOU, HE'LL TAKE COMMAND.

I'LL TAKE THAT "IF."

DAMMIT, BRAND!

YOU SPOIL KANG'S FUN *AND* STRIKE A SUPERIOR?

IF I WERE HER, I WOULD HAVE YOU EXECUTED.

IS SHE *THAT* SOFT?

I DON'T CARE IF SHE EXECUTES ME.

THAT DOESN'T MATTER.

I'M A CLONE. BARON SINISTER MADE THOUSANDS OF ME BEFORE DECIDING WE WERE SURPLUS TO HIS REQUIREMENTS.

I'M DISPOSABLE. IF I'M EXECUTED, MY SECOND CAN TAKE MY PLACE.

THERE'S ONLY *ONE* ABIGAIL BRAND. THE SHIELD NEEDS HER.

WHY DO YOU DEFEND HER WEAKNESS? SHE FELL INTO MY SIMPLE LURE.

SHE IS NOT WORTH YOUR DEVOTION.

LEAH WAS HER FRIEND. BRAND ISN'T SOMEONE WHO MAKES FRIENDS EASILY.

SHE'S LIKE THIS WHEN SHE LOSES FRIENDS. IMAGINE HOW SHE WOULD BE IF SHE LOST LOVERS? SHE NEVER GIVES HERSELF THAT FREEDOM TO REALLY CARE ABOUT ANYTHING OTHER THAN THE JOB.

YOU REVEAL ANOTHER OF HER WEAKNESSES. LOVE IS WAR.

ONE SHOULD NOT BE AFRAID OF ITS SCARS.

YOU'RE SHOWING *YOUR* WEAKNESS: YOU'VE NEVER LOST LIKE SHE HAS.

YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT SHE'S BEEN THROUGH!

Abiqail Brand's War Journal.

Today I answered two questions.

Firstly, what had happened to Hank. Secondly, of Perfection, the zombies or the Wave: which I hate the most.

I was hoping that Hank was still alive. I hate myself for that now. If Doom above listened to my prayer and arranged this, then it's my fault.

I should have hoped he was dead. If he was dead, the Annihilation Wave wouldn't have been able to capture him, and turn him into what tried to break through the Shield this morning.

Killing him wasn't easy, but that'd be just as true if they hadn't changed him. Who would want to kill Hank?

McCoy was a kind man. Kinder than me. Kinder than anyone.

He didn't deserve to end up like this.

I don't want to write any more.

AFTER McCOY, SHE WILL NEVER LET HERSELF LOVE *ANYTHING.*

AND YOU BETTER PRAY THAT IF YOU EVER HAVE TO LOSE LIKE SHE DID, YOU SHOW EVEN THREE PERCENT OF HER STRENGTH, AND...

...WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT?

A COMMANDER WHO PROVOKES SUCH LOYALTY MUST HAVE MERITS I'VE OVERLOOKED...

...AND A *SOLDIER* WHO IN SUCH A FASHION HAS SOMETHING A LITTLE FIERIER THAN *FEALTY* GUIDING HIS TONGUE.

HEY! BEARDY-FOUR-ARMS HAS AN UPDATE ON THE THANOS GUY. WANTS ME TO BRING THEM TO YA AND...

...WHAT THE HELL IS THE NOISY BROAD DOIN' ON THE FLOOR?

ABIGAIL... WE HAVE TO GO. I APOLOGIZE, BUT UNDERSTAND YOU WILL HAV--

FORGET IT. DON'T DO IT AGAIN.

I'D DEMOTE YOU, BUT WHY BOTHER?

YOU'RE ALL BASICALLY INTERCHANGEABLE.

LATER.

...AND THAT'S ALL WE HAVE.

IN CONCLUSION: WE'RE AWARE OF MANY TITANS, BUT THE ONLY VAGUELY RELEVANT ONE IS SPENDING HIS TIME ASSEMBLING SOME MANNER OF... GLOVE.

I DON'T THINK GOING AND EXECUTING SOMEONE JUST BECAUSE THEY'RE IN DESPERATE NEED OF A GOOD PERSONAL SHOPPER IS EXACTLY OUR STYLE.

I STILL SAY THIS IS A DISTRACTION. SOMEONE SENT A FAKE KANG TO BRING NEWS TO DISTRACT US FROM THE REAL THREAT.

WHY IS HE SO SURE?

HE THINKS A REAL KANG WOULDN'T HAVE FAILED TO NAVIGATE THE TIMESTREAM.

KANG CONQUERS.

I THINK YOU'RE WRONG. I SAW THE LOOK IN HIS EYE AS HE WAS GOING.

THIS IS BAD. THIS IS AS BAD AS IT GETS.

OH GOD, NICK.

WHAT WOULD *YOU* DO?

ABIGAIL, NO ONE SITS ON THE WALL FOREVER. YOUR TIME WILL COME. I'VE THOUGHT IT WAS ALL OVER TWENTY, THIRTY TIMES. BUT YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS?

IT MEANS I'VE BEEN *WRONG* TWENTY, THIRTY TIMES.

...BUT YOU ONLY NEED TO BE RIGHT *ONCE.*

YOU'RE LIKE ME. YOU'RE TOO HARD FOR PEOPLE. FOR SOMEONE TO GET CLOSE MEANS THEY'RE WORTH SOMETHING.

TRUST THEM. THE SHIELD'S A WALL. IF YOU HAVE YOUR BACK UP AGAINST IT, MAKE SURE YOUR FRIENDS ARE WITH YOU.

BUT SHE'S GONE. HE'S GONE. YOU'RE GONE.

IF ALL ELSE FAILS?

ASK THE ROBOTS.

WE ASK THE ROBOTS.

HMM. THANOS. A FEW CANDIDATES...

I'D PRESUME IT WAS THE ONE WHO'S PRESENTLY TRYING TO ASSEMBLE--

NOT THAT ONE.

I WOULD HAVE TO REACH OUT INTO THE PERFECTION OVERMIND. DO I HAVE PERMISSION?

AH, GOOD TO HAVE ULTRON TRAITORS ON THE TEAM.

DO IT.

WHY DOES HE KNOW *ANYTHING?*

IT. WE PREFER "IT."

WELL, KANG, WE HAVE A...SPECIALIZED SKILLSET BASED ON INFORMATION ACQUISITION. WE'RE CONNECTED TO MANY PROCESSING SYSTEMS TO AID US IN OUR ORIGINAL FUNCTION OF **CONQUEST DIPLOMACY.**

WE HAVE MANY ABILITIES. IT'S PROBABLY WORTH NOTING THAT ABIGAIL LACKS ONE OF OURS-- THE ABILITY TO PRONOUNCE QUOTATION MARKS. I BELIEVE SHE WAS TRYING TO SAY "TRAITORS."

SHE BELIEVES WE HAVE AN ULTERIOR MOTIVE FOR DEFECTING FROM ULTRON'S PERFECTION...

PERISH THE THOUGHT.

AH. THERE IS A... PROBLEM.

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

THERE APPEARS TO BE A CONSIDERABLE ARMY HEADING IN OUR DIRECTION.

The Unite's Briefing Notes.

The perfection of the Ultron Engine is the grandest threat that faces the Shield. It marries the technology of the wave with the unrelenting energy of the Undead.

By our predictions, they'll have conquered the wasteland in another 47 years. At that point, with the other foes destroyed, all forces will turn north to the wall.

The situation now is difficult. The situation then will be impossible. I would predict that there will be a major Shield-puncturing event every week, which would lead to a complete destruction of all defenders and requiring Doom's direct intervention.

In short: every week, its forces would destroy the Shield. Every week, we would fail.

I would not have predicted seeing an attack of that scale for another 15 years.

But it seems my predictions were unduly optimistic, or I was missing a key piece of information.

There is a force of such size presently advancing on the Shield.

THE ATTACK STARTED THE MOMENT WE SENT THIS QUERY.

AS IF IT WAS WAITING FOR IT.

IS *THIS* YOUR PLAN?

ABIGAIL! WE HAVE NO SUCH SCHEME!

AND YOU HAVE NO TIME TO DISTRUST US!

ALERT. *MAXIMUM* ALERT. SCRAMBLE ALL RESOURCES!

GRIMM, GET US THERE! GET *EVERYONE* THERE!

SURE THING, BOSS...

IT'S TUNNELIN' TIME!

AN ALERT MOST MAXIMUM!
I WONDER WHAT ADVENTURES AWAIT US?
TAKE IT DOWN A GEAR. NO SHAME IN BEING AFRAID.
BEING BRAVE ISN'T THE SAME THING AS NOT BEING SCARED.
I FEAR NOTHING!
I STEP INTO THE BREACH WITH NOTHING BUT JOY IN MY HEART!
SHE'S TOTALLY
LYING WITH
EVERY PART
OF HER
BODY. SHE IS
LYING.
PETRIFIED.
KITTY PRIDE! GIVE THE GIRL A BREAK!
I ALWAYS *DID* PREFER HOUNDS.

NOTHING WRONG WITH LYING A LITTLE. TOO MUCH TRUTH WILL KILL YOU TOO.

YOU NEED SOME LIES TO GET UP IN THE MORNING.

I AM WELL AND FEAR *NOTHING*, MISTRESS CHAVEZ.

PRINCESS, YOU'RE HERE FOR THE DURATION, AND THAT'S BARELY LONG ENOUGH TO MAKE IT WORTH ANYONE LEARNING YOUR NAME.

YOU ARE A ONE-USE DISPOSABLE HERO. YOU WILL BE HERE, AND THEN YOU WILL BE WIPED OUT OF EXISTENCE AND NO ONE WILL SEE YOUR PURPLE-PANTALOONED ASS AGAIN.

YOU *SHOULD* BE SCARED.

THIS IS SCARY &%%.

I... I...

RELAX. I WON'T LET YOU DIE, AND I WON'T LEAVE YOU.

I'M NOT GOING TO DIE ON THIS DUMB-ASS WALL.

I... I...

I'M *LADY* KATHERINE, NOT PRINCESS KATHERINE, YOU KNOW.

I KNOW, PRINCESS.

I KNOW.

OUR ENLIGHTENMENT CANNON IS PRIMED, MILADY.

IT IS READY TO SOLVE THE PROBLEMS THAT CONFRONT US. LET US HOPE THE SOLUTION LEAVES US ALIVE TO APPRECIATE ITS GENIUS!

GOOD WORK, LEO.

KANG? GOT ANYTHING FOR US?

I'M PLAYING TIMELINE GAMES, CALLING CHRONOALLIES...

...BUT THERE ARE TEMPORAL MINES *FILLING* THE TIMESTREAM. NEVER SEEN SO MANY...

IT IS JUST AS THE OTHER KANG SAID...

LO! A FIGURE MARCHES AHEAD OF THE VANGUARD...

GIMME, LEO.

NO...

I AM THE FURY.

I KILL SUPER HEROES.

NO.

NICK...

◆

TIME BEFORE THE FALL OF THE SHIELD:

2 DAYS AND COUNTING.

THERE IS NO HOPE.

◆

THE SHIELD.

MY FRIENDS!

THIS IS A *DARK* DAY FOR THOSE WHO GUARD THE SHIELD!

"THE ULTRON PERFECTION HAVE NUMBERS BEYOND NUMBERS AND STRENGTH BEYOND MEASURE.

"AND THEIR LEADER... OH, FALLEN FURY!

"HE IS AN UNSTOPPABLE FORCE LEADING AN UNSTOPPABLE FORCE!

"WE HAVE BUT AN EXCESS OF BRAVERY AND A SOMEWHAT-PRODIGIOUS WALL."

THE ONLY GOOD THING IS THAT *THEY* ARE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE AFOREMENTIONED FORTIFICATION. THIS IS A SITUATION WE ARE STRIVING TO ENSURE CONTINUES.

WHAT IS THIS? *AH*, I'M SURE YOU KNOW THE WORD. MY FRIENDS! WE ARE IN THE MIDDLE OF A...

SIEGE

THE PROGNOSIS IS BAD. THE PROGNOSIS IS ALWAYS BAD. WELCOME TO THE SHIELD.

03

IT'S CALLED "SIEGE" BECAUSE IT'S ABOUT A SIEGE.

Abigail Brand's War Journal.

Ultron symbiotes were a murderous storm filling the sky. Synthezoid silicon fascist attack waves danced with Leonardo's sky armadas...

Between blasts, I sent messages to every single lord of Battleworld who hadn't delivered any support: "Time is running out! Do not save things for a rainy day! Today is the rainy day!"

But the Ultrons weren't the real problem. Them we had planned for.

They were merely the delivery device. In the middle of the horde lurched the monster that was once our commander. We tried to get a reading of its power levels, but sensors fried. He was trouble with a capital "We're All Dead."

We made guesses of what Nick the Fury could do and fought on, waiting for the empirical proof emerging from his fist-cannon.

When it did, Grimm's moan shook the entire shield. His murmur to me was a rumble beneath my feet "Another couple of hits and it's rubblin' time."

The Summers boys volunteered. They knew what they had to do.

Take Nick the Fury down.

It could have gone better.

I'M DOWN TO THE LAST CENTURY, ABIGAIL. ONLY 100 OF US SUMMERS LEFT.

DAMMIT.

KANG? ANYTHING WITH THE TIMELINE?

NO. THE STREAMS ARE COMPROMISED. CHRONOMINES *EVERYWHERE*. IMPOSSIBLE TO NAVIGATE.

I *CAN'T*. I *CAN'T*.

WELL, KANG, YOU'VE GIVEN ME A SILVER LINING IN THIS FLUSTER OF CLUCKS.

YOU ADMITTING A "*CAN'T*."

TIME TO MIX IT UP. DEPLOY OTHER FORCES TO RELIEVE THE ENDLESS SUMMERS.

WE'RE JUST THROWING AWAY GOOD MEN WITH YOU AGAINST NICK, SUMMERS. PULL YOUR SURVIVORS BACK AND ENGAGE WITH THE REST.

GOOD MEN. I...THANK YOU.

I MEAN, YES, MA'AM.

GRIMM?

YEAH?

"GET US TO THE ROBOTS."

UNITE: YOUR OLD FRIENDS ARE GOING TO COME STOMPING OVER AND KILL EVERYONE BEFORE GOING ON TO KILL AS MANY PEOPLE ON THE OTHER SIDE UNTIL THE GREAT DAMN DOOM ABOVE DECIDES WE'VE HAD ENOUGH AND STOPS THEM.

I'M GOING TO MAKE SURE YOU DIE WITH US.

STRICTLY SPEAKING, *I* WILL.

I'LL OPEN A GAP IN TIME AND FEED YOU TO THESE BLASTED CHRONOMINES.

MS. BRAND. MR KANG. IN A VERY LITERAL SENSE, FOR THE LAST TIME, WE HAVE NO ULTERIOR MOTIVE HERE.

PLEASE. WE SUFFERED...A MALFUNCTION.

YOU WOULD CALL IT "AFFECTION."

PERFECTION'S COLDNESS WOULD HAVE CRUSHED US. WE RAN.

ALL WE WANTED WAS A ROOM AND EACH OTHER.

THIS WASN'T A PRISON, MS. BRAND.

FOR US, THIS WAS HEAVEN.

RUNAWAY ROBOTS IN LOVE.

WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL US?

EMBARRASSMENT, MAINLY.

LOVE IS A TERRIBLE LOOK. EVIL IS ALWAYS IN FASHION.

I'M VERY HAPPY FOR YOU.

NOW WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE.

WE HAVE AN... ABILITY. TO CONTROL ROBOTS. VERBAL TECHNOHACKING.

WE WERE HAPPY FOR A WHILE. OUR LIFE IS WORTH FIGHTING FOR.

I AM THE FURY.

I KILL SUPER HEROES.

OH, THIS IS A PREDICAMENT MOST FOUL, KATHERINE.

MOST FOUL INDEED.

I AM THE FURY.

HELLO, NICHOLAS. LONG TIME.

WOULD YOU KINDLY PUT THAT LUDICROUS FIREARM AGAINST YOUR HEAD AND FIRE, PLEASE?

I KILL--

BLAM

THANK YOU.

HOW DID YOU DECIDE WHICH OF YOU WENT OUT THERE?

WE PLAYED CHESS. SEVENTEEN GAMES BETWEEN HEARTBEATS. IT WON.

WE FOUGHT AS HARD AS WE COULD.

I AM... THE FURY.

I KILL SUPER HEROES.

GUN TO HEAD. FIRE AGAIN.

FIRE AGAIN!

BLAM

CAN YOU GO BACK IN TIME TO PLUCK IT FROM THE TIMESTREAM, KANG?

I'M SORRY. THE CHRONOMINES ARE TOO THICK.

I AM THE FURY.

I--

I AM MS. AMERICA!

I KICK YOUR ASS!

I HATE MYSELF FOR SAYING THIS, BUT: YOU HAVE TO GO OUT THERE.

OF COURSE I DO, ABIGAIL. IT'S DEAD. I AM QUITE IN THE MOOD FOR A SUICIDE MISSION.

BUT ONE ORDER BEFORE THE FURY OVERRULES IT. WHAT CAN YOU DO WITH ONE ORDER?

OKAY, UNIT.

I'VE GOT AN IDEA.

WHAM

^^ YOU!

LANGUAGE, CHAVEZ.

WHAT WOULD YOUR PARENTS SAY?

NOW, MR. FURY...

...CAN YOU TAKE MR. KANG'S HAND, PLEASE?

BAM

THE UNITE AND KANG PULLED IT OFF. EVERYONE-- REGROUP, CATCH YOUR BREATH.

WE NEED TO MAKE THEIR SACRIFICE COUNT!

WHAT HAPPENED?

KANG WAS MANY THINGS, BUT HE'S NOT A COWARD.

THE TIMELINES ARE PACKED WITH CHRONOMINES. IMPOSSIBLE TO NAVIGATE SAFELY.

"THAT'S ONLY A PROBLEM IF YOU *DON'T* WANT TO HIT EVERY SINGLE ONE."

BOOM

BOOM

NOW, THERE'S A LOT OF PEOPLE WHO HAVE GIVEN THEIR EVERYTHING TO GIVE US THIS CHANCE.

WE HAVE AN ARMY TO BEAT.

YOU NEED AN ARMY TO DO THAT...

...AND MOST OF US CAN BARELY STAND.

WE'VE NO CHOICE BUT TO TRY.

I GET IT. LET'S DO THIS--

PRAY TELL--WHAT *IS* THAT NOISE FROM YONDER HILL?

A GREAT CHEERING? NAY...

"...A MOANING."

I SAID NOT TO WORRY, ABIGAIL.

AND I SAID WE WOULD BE BACK.

DEATH TO THE DEATHLESS!

Abiqail Brand's War Journal.

Lesson for the day: never trust demonic queens.
Lesson for the day: cherish your demonic queens.

It was their plan. They would not serve in Doom's heaven. They realized, as sorcerers, they could leave and rule in the hell of the Deadlands.

Not the whole waste, but with preparation and planning, they could hold a subdomain and control all the zombies in there.

Doom rules on all Battleworld...except south of the shield. They wanted to rule. That's where they had to go.

They hadn't disappeared. They hadn't been killed. They had eloped.

"Better to rule in Hel," as Leah said.

Leah and Magik saved us all. In a real way, they rule.

ILLYANA, GOOD TO HAVE YOU BACK.

ONLY LONG ENOUGH TO REPAY OUR DEBTS.

YOU'RE GOING BACK OUT THERE?

CHANGE NEED NOT BE A BAD THING.

BUT IT *DOES* MEAN THINGS CAN NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN.

...AND YOUR KNEES BEND TO NO ONE.

I WILL NOT SERVE DOOM.

I AM LEAH OF HEL...

CERTAINLY NOT A DUTY *FORCED* ON ME BY AN EVIL GOD.

I COULD *SHOOT* THE PAIR OF YOU FOR GOING AWOL!

I COULD REPORT THAT YOU'RE ALIVE TO *DOOM!*

I COULD!

THANK YOU. EVERYONE. YOU ALL DID GOOD.

EVEN YOU, KANG.

KRRZZ

HMM?

SOUND OF REALITY BEING TORN APART!

I...SURVIVED. I PILOTED THE MONSTER FACE-FIRST INTO EVERY CHRONOMINE. I DID IT...

WHUMP

OF COURSE I DID IT!

KANG! CONQUERS!

KANG CONQUERED.

MOST IMPRESSIVE.

MY HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS.

THIS IS THE SHIELD.

I AM THANOS.

I'M HERE TO TALK.

◆

TIME BEFORE THE FALL OF THE SHIELD:

1 DAY AND COUNTING.

THERE IS NO HOPE.

◆

YOU'RE THANOS.

I AM.

HELLO.

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

NO!

I AM HERE TO *TALK.*

IF YOU ARE NOT MORE CIVIL...

...I WILL BE FORCED TO REACTIVATE *THE FURY.*

OH, HELL.

STAND DOWN, KANG.

NOW, I'M SURE YOU HAVE A SMALL CELL SUITABLE FOR A MONSTER SUCH AS I...

"...TAKE ME THERE."

WELL. YOU'VE GOT YOUR ROOM AND BOARD.

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

UNTIL RECENTLY, I HAVE BEEN OUT IN THE LANDS TO THE SOUTH. I KNOW MUCH ABOUT THE ATTACKS COMING. I HAVE HAD A CERTAIN INVOLVEMENT.

I WILL SHARE WHAT I KNOW OF OUR PREDICAMENT. PERHAPS IT WILL BE OF USE.

RUMBLE RUMBLE

WE'LL THINK ABOUT IT.

GRIMM! GIVE US AN EXIT!

NOW WE'RE ALONE...

...BEN GRIMM? DO YOU HEAR ME, BEN GRIMM?

RUMBLE RUMBLE

WHATCHA MEAN "*BEN*"?

I CAME HERE TO SHARE WHAT I KNOW, BUT NOT WITH *THEM*.

IT IS *YOU* I WOULD TALK WITH.

THIS WILL TAKE SOME TIME.

SIEGE

WHAT ARE YOU FIGHTING FOR?

WELCOME TO THE SHIELD. PROBABLY BEST TO NOT GET TOO COMFORTABLE.

04

I AM, WITH NO FALSE MODESTY, A PARAMOUNT GENIUS. I HAVE CONCEIVED OF SUCH WONDER TO RAISE THE BAR OF HUMAN ENDEAVOR. THE GRAND AERIAL GYROTANK! THE AVID D-STATUE!

THE GREAT ANTI-PROBLEMIZING COLLABORATION OF THE ENLIGHTENMENT CANNON ITSELF...

...BUT ALL MINE PALE COMPARED TO THE SIMPLE PIZZA. I AM HUMBLED WITH EVERY BITE.

IT'S OKAY. YOU SHOULD TRY AN NYC SLICE OFF MANHATTAN AND 425,246TH.

WHERE I'M FROM, WE HAVE PARSNIPS!

THE VEGETABLE OF KINGS!

I FEEL THAT PARSNIPS ARE *NOT* COMPETITIVE IN THIS CONVERSATION.

COMMANDER BRAND IS COMMANDER BRAND. SHE'S NOT EASY.

BUT IF WE'RE STILL ALIVE AT THE END OF THE DAY, SHE GETS US PIZZA.

SHE'S NOT GOOD AT SHOWING SHE CARES.

BUT SHE DOES.

SUMMERS. DA VINCI. ENOUGH FRATERNIZING.

BRAND WANTS TO INTERROGATE THE PRISONER...

"...LET'S SEE WHAT HE HAS TO SAY."

THE SITUATION IS QUITE SIMPLE. I CANNOT STAND THE FALSE GOD THAT IS DOOM ANYMORE. I WOULD END THIS CHARADE.

ALONG THE WAY, I HAVE DONE A TERRIBLE THING, IN PART AS A DISTRACTION, BUT AT LEAST IN PART FOR MY OWN AMUSEMENT.

I ENDED THE ANTAGONISTIC BALANCE BETWEEN THE DENIZENS OF THE SOUTHERN ZONE. AFTER A PERIOD OF SOME SMALL CONFUSION, THEY'VE ALIGNED THEMSELVES, AND ARE HEADING NORTH. THEY WILL CRUSH THE WALL AND THEN WAGE WAR ON DOOM'S LIES.

I WISH YOU THE BEST AND HOPE YOU FIGHT AND DIE BRAVELY.

YOU COULD EXECUTE ME, BUT I FEAR THAT YOU'LL NEED HOURS TO WORK OUT HOW TO PERFORM THAT FEAT, AND THE ATTACK BEGINS IN...

THREE, TWO, ONE...

ULTIMATE DANGER ALERT!

GET ANYONE IN WHO CAN STAND. GET THE THORS.

TIME TO DIE.

Abiqail Brand's War Journal.

All we had were battles. The whole shield was a warzone. I can only really talk about where I was. The rest was little voices in my headset, relating stories of victory and death:

"The magpie-faced boy can't swallow any more. He's having to regurgitate a universe. We've moved Galact-USA The Great Consumer to the front line, but it's not going to be enough..."

"Jack of Hearts, the cardiac golem, is losing aortic pressure. The Winter Soldiers are being torn apart by the Springmaster's seasonal circus. The Serpent Society has opened their membership to other reptilian species."

"Something something Squirrel Girl something something she's dead! She's dead! No, she's fine."

I did my best, watching as the Kitty Pride defended fallen Lockheed long enough for the Fantastic Thors to sweep in and clean up. I was so proud of them all.

The shieldguards there were the best they've ever been.

We all knew it wouldn't be enough.

But what other damn option was there?

STILL THINKING OF MY WORDS?

DOESN'T MATTER IF EVERYTHIN' ELSE YOU'VE SAID IS TRUE.

I... DON'T BELIEVE YOU.

KNOW THIS: WHERE WE CAME FROM, WE ARE ENEMIES, GRIMM. WE HAVE FOUGHT MANY TIMES. YOU ARE EVERYTHING I DESPISE.

BACK THERE, I HAVE A LOVE. EVEN THERE, I WILL NEVER SEE HER FACE AGAIN EXCEPT IN THE MOMENT OF MY DEATH.

IF I DIE IN *THIS* WORLD, THE FACE I SEE WILL BE DOOM'S.

I WILL NOT SUFFER THIS.

WHO'S THE BROAD?

DEATH HERSELF.

LEMME GUESS. YOU LIKE THE CHEEKBONES?

THIS IS NO TIME FOR YOUR SULLEN WIT, GRIMM.

THINK. HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN HERE?

I DON'T KNOW. THERE'S JUST BEEN ME AND THE BEATING.

EVERY DAY, EVERY PENCIL-NECKED MONSTER HAS A CRACK.

THAT IS AN EXQUISITE TORTURE.

WHY DOES DOOM HATE YOU *SPECIFICALLY* SO MUCH, GRIMM?

WHERE WE ARE FROM, YOU ARE THE CLOSEST FRIEND OF HIS GREATEST ENEMY. YOU HAVE SHAMED HIM TIME AND TIME OVER.

DOOM IS A PETTY USURPER OF POWERS FAR GRANDER THAN HIMSELF.

SPEAKING AS ONE WHO HAS FELT THE UNIVERSE WRITHE IN HIS CLENCHED FIST, OMNIPOTENCE SHOULD NOT BE LEFT TO A MORTAL SUCH AS HE.

YOU SAYING NONE OF THIS IS THE REAL DEAL? THE WHOLE OF BATTLEWORLD IS JUST A BIG LOAD OF OLD BALONEY?

NO, IT'S REAL. IT'S AS REAL AS ANYTHING.

IT'S JUST NOT REALITY AS IT *SHOULD BE.*

WE WILL BREAK THROUGH, NO MATTER WHAT COURSE OF ACTION YOU CHOOSE.

ALL YOU WILL DO IS SLOW THEM DOWN, AND MAYBE WEAKEN THEM ENOUGH THAT THE RESULTANT DISTRACTION WILL NOT BE SUFFICIENT.

I'VE A RESPONSIBILITY. THE SHIELD PROTECTS A WHOLE BUNCHA PEOPLE.

IT DOES. BUT ALL YOU ARE DOING IS FIGHTING TO SAVE THIS HELLISH WORLD. THAT FIGHT WILL *NEVER* END.

THERE IS A *BETTER* WORLD.

IT WOULD BE BETTER IF YOU FOUGHT FOR *THAT.*

ENLIGHTENED!

I'M A LOGICAL CONTRADICTION!

ME TOO!

LET'S LIE DOWN.

AND THERE GOES ANOTHER WAVE.

I NEVER STOP BEING IMPRESSED BY THE ENLIGHTENMENT CANNON, LEO.

PLEASE. ANSWERING THE SMALL QUESTIONS LIKE WHETHER THE LIVING DEAD ARE A PHILOSOPHICAL CONTRADICTION IS BUT A SMALL THING.

MY FRIEND AND I HOPED THIS CANNON WOULD SOLVE FAR GRANDER PROBLEMS! IT IS WHY WE WERE THE VITRUVIAN MAN IN THE FIRST PLACE.

KNOWLEDGE IS THE POWER ON WHICH IT RUNS. IT USES OUR KNOWLEDGE, OUR VERY SELVES TO ANSWER THE QUESTIONS. MY FRIEND...HE THREW HIMSELF INTO IT, SHALL WE SAY. MORE THAN I. HE ALWAYS WAS THE MORE DETERMINED.

AH, THE GREAT WORK BETWEEN MY FRIEND AND I. WE FLEW TOO CLOSE TO THE SUN. IN MANY WAYS, WE WERE THE SUN...

OH, AMERICA. I FEAR I HAVE TAKEN A SPLASH FROM THE ENLIGHTENMENT CANNON. I SEE NOW...

I AM BUT A GIRL WITH SOME AGGRESSIVELY SHARPENED STICKS FACING A HORDE THAT WOULD CRUSH THAT OF DOOM HIMSELF.

WHY FIGHT ON?

YOU FIGHT ON BECAUSE IT'S STILL A FIGHT. HOLD ON. WE'RE NOT DONE YET. AND "GIRL"? PLEASE.

YOU'RE A *PRINCESS.*

OWN IT.

YOU TOO.

HEY, LEO. I NEED YOU TO HIT ME WITH THAT BIG DUMB CANNON OF YOURS.

MY FRIEND, GRIMM.

NOW IS NOT THE TIME.

IT IS THE TIME, AS TIME'S THE THING WE'RE RUNNIN' OUTTA!

WHATEVER IS SUCH A PRESSING QUESTION?

THE BIG ONE.

"WHY ARE WE HERE?"

TO EVEN HAVE A CHANCE OF ANSWERING *THAT* QUESTION WOULD TAKE EVERYTHING OF THE VITRUVIAN MAN. I WOULD HAVE TO THROW *ALL* OF HIM INTO IT!

I WOULD LOSE THE VITRUVIAN MAN. I WOULD LOSE *HIM!*

LEONARDO!

IT WILL END ME. BUT NOW *IS* THE END...AND WE KNOW FROM THE ERA OF CLASSICAL DOOM THAT AN UNEXAMINED LIFE IS NOT WORTH LIVING. IF WE ARE TO DIE, LET US DIE KNOWING!

MY LEONARDO.

MY MICHELANGELO.

IT IS DONE! ENLIGHTEN US!

ENLIGHTENMENT MAX!

OOF!

I AM... DONE.

MICHELANGELO! WHAT IS THE TRUTH?

YOU, LEONARDO. YOU WERE ALWAYS MY TRUTH. GOODBYE.

THE PURPLE FELLA ISN'T LYING! IT'S ALL A DAMN LIE!

RUMBLE RUMBLE

THANOS, I DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO PUNCH YOU OR HUG THE HELL OUT OF YOU.

RUMBLE RUMBLE

FUGGETIT. I DO.

KRRK

WHAT NOW?

DOOM HAS ASKED YOU TO LIVE ON YOUR KNEES. EVERY DAY OF THIS LIFE, HE'S BEATEN YOU AS YOU LIE THERE.

WHAT DO YOU DO?

YOU STAND UP.

WHAT TIME IS IT, BEN GRIMM?

WHAT TIME IS IT?

WE EXAMINED LIFE. WE KNEW ALL. MY LIGHT IS GONE.

IF AN UNEXAMINED LIFE IS NOT WORTH LIVING, WHAT IS A LIFE WORTH AFTER ALL *HAS* BEEN EXAMINED?

IT DOES WHAT GOOD IT STILL CAN.

SO ONE LAST FLIGHT TOO CLOSE TO THE--

THE HELL!

THE HELL!

Abigail Brand's War Journal.

We were all on the shield because we chose to be. We could always leave. It was our sense of duty that made us stay here.

That included Grimm, the backbone of the shield itself.

Miles of it were just gone. The rest would be left to collapse. The Shield as a workable fortification was done.

I don't know what Thanos said to him, but it was enough to make Ben Grimm get up and head to the north, with fists the size of city blocks.

He shouted something. It was like a chain of thunderclaps. No one could hear it. It wasn't made on a scale our ears understood.

In the seconds that followed, Eardevil the Klawyer said he'd managed to take it down to something that wouldn't just pop our eardrums.

It was three words, five syllables.

"It's Clobbering Time."

As far as mysterious last words go, I've heard more enigmatic.

IT IS THE END.

I GO NORTH TO WIN OR DIE. DOOM FALLS.

IT HAS BEEN A PLEASURE.

KANG. I THINK THANOS HAS A DATE WITH THOSE CHRONOMINES...

THE TIMELINE IS CLEAR. THEY'RE LOCALIZED BACKWARDS IN THE STREAM.

THANOS MUST HAVE ARRANGED FOR THEM TO BE HERE UNTIL THIS POINT.

I CAN HAVE SPACE TO MANEUVER. I CAN GET THROUGH. I CAN GO BACK.

I CAN STOP ALL THIS.

YOU *DIED* WHEN YOU TRIED BEFORE, KANG! REMEMBER? WE BOTH SAW YOU DIE!

HE DIED.

I WILL DO BETTER.

YEAH, I THINK WE'VE DONE ALL WE CAN HERE.

LET'S BOUNCE.

WH-- WHO ARE YOU?

YOUR TICKET... OUT OF HERE, PRINCESS.

SO, DUE TO THE FACT WE'RE HERE AND THE TIMELINE HASN'T REWRITTEN, WE CAN ASSUME THAT KANG FAILED.

GREAT.

I DON'T KNOW.

THERE'RE THEORIES THAT EVERY DECISION YOU MAKE CREATES A WHOLE NEW UNIVERSE. NO MATTER HOW SMALL THE CHANCE, THERE'S A UNIVERSE WHERE KANG FOUND A WAY THROUGH.

HERETICAL. IMPLIES THERE'S MULTIPLE DOOMS.

I'M FINE WITH HERETICAL. WHAT'S DOOM GOING TO DO TO US? SEND US TO THE SHIELD TO BE EATEN BY ZOMBIES?

I'M GOING TO BELIEVE THERE'RE BETTER WORLDS.

SCOTT... THERE WAS NEVER ANYONE LIKE YOU.

Abiqail Brand's War Journal. Final Entry.

I did what I could with what I had.

I did what I could with what I was given.

I did what I could with what I could get.

And *%% you if you think you could have done any better.

Oh, yeah. One last thing...

If Thanos fails and you find yourself fighting on the reconstructed shield...

...good luck, you idiot.

Try not to make the mistakes I did.

Make your own mistakes.

TIME BEFORE THE FALL OF THE SHIELD:

0 DAYS.

THERE WAS NO HOPE.

THE SHIELD FELL.

NOW THERE IS.

UNCANNY X-MEN (2011) #9

Born with powers and abilities beyond those of normal humans, mutantkind has long been hated and feared by those they sought to protect. Now, from their island nation of Utopia, Cyclops leads the most powerful group of mutants ever assembled to protect what is left of his dwindling species. Hated and feared? When you are as powerful as the Uncanny X-Men, does it matter?

UNCANNY X-MEN

CYCLOPS
eye-blasting leader

EMMA FROST
telepath with diamond form

COLOSSUS
steel-skinned juggernaut

HOPE
power copycat

NAMOR
king of Atlantis

MAGNETO
master of magnetism

DANGER
light-shaping AI

MAGIK
magic-using teleporter

STORM
weather witch

PREVIOUSLY

Abigail Brand and her team at S.W.O.R.D. [Sentient World Observation and Response Department] are in charge of protecting Earth from extraterrestrial threats to planetary security. Their space station, the Peak, houses their base of operations as well as an extraterrestrial prison. Ever since they successfully worked together to prevent the destruction of Earth at the hands of the alien Breakworlders, S.W.O.R.D. called on the X-Men to help neutralize otherworldly threats, when needed.

Meanwhile, Hope Summers, the first mutant born after the severing of the mutant bloodline on M-Day, has been leading a team of young mutants as a rescue squad. The Lights themselves are all newly developed mutants Hope has helped get control of their powers, and now they seek out and help any new mutant located by the X-Men's powerful mutant detector, Cerebra.

Uncanny X-Men #9-10

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THE X-BRIG, UTOPIA, ISLAND HOME OF THE X-MEN.

THE X-BRIG IS THE MOST SECURE PRIVATELY HELD PRISON ON THE PLANET. IT HAS TO BE.

IT HOUSES SOME OF THE MOST DANGEROUS MUTANT PRISONERS. WE WISH TO **KEEP THEM** HOUSED.

THEY INCLUDE MY TEAMMATE.

ILLYANA RASPUTIN (A.K.A. **MAGIK**) RECLAIMED THE GREATER PORTION OF HER SPIRITUAL ENERGIES--YOU REFER TO THEM AS HER SOUL--FROM THE EXTRA-DIMENSIONAL BEINGS KNOWN AS "THE ELDER GODS." SHE DESTROYED THEM IN THE PROCESS.

TO DO SO, SHE RISKED THE ANNIHILATION OF THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE--AND MANIPULATED THE X-MEN INTO LETTING HER DO SO.

SHE IS A TELEPORTER AND SKILLED APPLICANT OF SUPERNATURAL ENERGIES. GIVEN FREE ACCESS TO HER ABILITIES, SHE COULD ESCAPE ANY MOMENT SHE CHOSE.

WE **DISCOURAGE** THAT VIA SENSORS THAT ACTIVATE EXPLOSIVES AT THE HINT OF HER POWERS' UNIQUE SIGNATURES.

HER FIELD SUIT HAS DISCRETE, SIMILAR FAIL-SAFES IN CASE SHE GOES ROGUE ON A MISSION.

THE WORLD WATCHES THE EXTINCTION TEAM AND IS UNAWARE THAT ONE MEMBER IS STRAPPED INTO A BOMB-JACKET.

OF ALL MY TEAMMATES, I HAVE WATCHED HER CLOSEST. SHE IS PRIM, COLD, QUIETLY MANIPULATIVE. I DO NOT LIKE HER.

THIS DOES NOT MATTER.

SHE IS A COMPLICATED CASE. THE ACT WHICH SHE IS BEING PUNISHED FOR LED TO HER **RECLAIMING** HER SOUL.

SO, IN A REAL WAY, SHE IS NOT THE PERSON WHO COMMITTED THE CRIME. IF SHE HAD HER SOUL PRIOR TO THE OFFENSE, I BELIEVE SHE WOULD NEVER HAVE ACTED SO.

AND IT IS A SIGN OF HER REALIZING THAT THE ACT WAS ABOMINABLE THAT SHE SUBMITS SO MEEKLY TO HER CONFINEMENT.

IF I AM CORRECT, THERE IS LITTLE TO BE GAINED BY HER CONTINUED IMPRISONMENT.

I SUSPECT THAT IN THIS BELIEF, I AM NOT ALONE.

BUT I AM ONLY A GUARD.

IT IS NOT FOR ME TO DECIDE WHO IS FREE AND WHO IS NOT.

DIRTY LITTLE MAN!

UTOPIA HARD-LIGHT TRAINING FIELD.

EMMA-- ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE ABLE TO DO THIS?

NAMOR, DARLING. I'M NOT EVEN WEARING *HEELS.* THE DAY I CAN'T KICK A MAN IN THE UNMENTIONABLES IS THE DAY I RETIRE.

YES, THE ARM ITCHES A LITTLE, BUT NEMESIS SAYS THAT'LL PASS.

I WASN'T TALKING ABOUT PHYSICALLY.

YOU LOST YOUR *ARM.* YOU HAD NO IDEA WHETHER IT WOULD BE *PERMANENT.*

YOU ARE A BEAUTIFUL, PROUD WOMAN. SUCH A LOSS WOULD NOT BE EASY TO FACE.

ARE YOU SAYING I'M SHALLOW?

I AM SERIOUS, EMMA.

I WON'T SAY IT WASN'T A LITTLE TROUBLING, BUT I'M FINE. I'VE FACED WORSE.

BUT THANK YOU FOR ASKING.

KNOWING *SOMEONE'S* CONCERNED IS APPRECIATED.

CUCKOOS, ANY EXTINCTION-SCALE EVENTS?

X CEREBRA, TELEPATHIC MUTANT-DETECTING SYSTEM.

NO, SIR.

NOT IN THE TEN MINUTES SINCE YOU LAST CHECKED.

A MISSION. WE NEED A MISSION.

WE NEED A BIG ONE.

THE PEAK, EARTH ORBIT.

THIS IS THE ***PEAK***, THE HEADQUARTERS OF S.W.O.R.D. YOU CAN IMAGINE IT AS A CROSS BETWEEN EARTH'S BORDER PATROL AND THE C.I.A. SOMEWHERE IN THAT WIDE-RANGING MANDATE IS "SPACE-POLICE."

WHICH MEANS THE FORCIBLY PERSONABLE ***ABIGAIL BRAND*** AND HER STAFF HAVE A RATHER ANTAGONISTIC RELATIONSHIP WITH "SPACE-CRIMINALS," AND ENDEAVOR TO FORCE A CUSTODIAL SENTENCE UPON THEM.

HENCE THE PEAK'S SOMEWHAT SPRAWLING BRIG. IT'S QUITE THE RESILIENT CONSTRUCTION.

EVEN THE LOWER SECURITY CELLS MATCH ALMOST ANY ON EARTH. AND THE PRISONS MATCH THE PRISONERS.

SOME ARE KEPT IN INERT STATES. FOR EXAMPLE, THE ***TERMINUS*** SPORE. A KIND OF SENTIENT NANO-DISASSEMBLER/ REASSEMBLER WITH A SPECIES-BASED TWIST.

TERRIBLY NASTY.

SOME ARE MORE TRADITIONAL CELLS. TAKE ***VOIDIAN***. HE'S A FASCINATINGLY DEMENTED CROSS BETWEEN AN ARMS DEALER AND AN APOCALYPSE CULTIST. I BELIEVE HE PREFERS TO KILL PEOPLE WITH HIS ENORMOUS DEADLY ORGAN.

MIND OUT OF THE GUTTER! THAT'S A ***MUSICAL*** ORGAN. YOU ARE ***TERRIBLE***.

THEN THERE'S ***SKRULL*** WAR CRIMINALS, ***DIRE WRAITHS WITCHES***, ASSORTED SYMBIOTES, A PIRATE-CAPTAIN MAKLUAN AND A TERRIBLY HAIRY CHAP THEY CALL ***"XEMNU."***

I DIDN'T INTRODUCE MYSELF, DID I?

I'M *UNIT.*

I'M JUST ANOTHER PRISONER.

IGNORE THE FACT I'M IN THE HIGHEST SECURITY. ABIGAIL JUST LIKES TO BE CAREFUL.

AND THANKS TO THAT, WE QUESTIONABLE SORTS ARE ALL KEPT SAFELY LOCKED AWAY FROM THE REST OF SENTIENT LIFE WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST HOPE OF ESCAPE...

UNLESS--AND THIS IS JUST A WILD SPECULATION, SO UNLIKELY YOU SHOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT IT IN THE SLIGHTEST--THERE WAS SOME MANNER OF CATASTROPHIC CASCADE IN THE PEAK'S FUEL FEEDS.

IF *THAT* HAPPENED, IN A PRECISE ENOUGH POSITION, IT *COULD* TEAR THE BRIG AWAY FROM THE PEAK.

AND WHILE MOST OF THE PRISONERS WOULD DIE FROM EXPLOSIVE DECOMPRESSION, SOME OF THE MOST RESILIENT AND DANGEROUS ALIEN CRIMINALS WOULD FALL TO EARTH.

THANKFULLY, THE CHANCES OF THAT ARE ASTRONOMICALLY *LOW.*

I WOULDN'T LOSE ANY SLEEP OVER IT.

WHAT'S HAPPENING--

THE BRIG. IT'SSSS BROKEN FREE. TOTAL FAILURE OF SSSSECURITY.

NO. NO. NO.

I WAS TALKING TO MY SISTER. WE NEED TO TALK.

THIS *CAN'T* GO ON.

OKAY, PETER. I KNOW THIS HAS BEEN COMING.

AND WHILE I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL, ILLYANA NEEDS TO--

S.W.O.R.D. ALERT! INFINITY ALERT!

YOU NEED TO SAVE THE EARTH.

PLEASE. SAVE THE EARTH. QUICKLY.

AH--BRAND. WHAT INSULTS HAVE YOU FOR US TODAY?

STOP IT. I HAVEN'T TIME TO BE MEAN.

NEVADA, U.S.A.

WE'RE AT YOUR TARGET, BRAND, LOOKING FOR--

BELAY THAT.

WE'VE FOUND IT.

I CLAIM THIS WORLD TERMINUS

EXTINCTION TEAM, THIS IS IT. THIS IS WHY WE EXIST.

COMBAT INSERTION IN THREE.

GO.

DINER

X-MEN ENGAGED FIRST GROUNDFALL TARGET. WE'VE GOT SSSIGNALS AND TRACESSS FOR MOST OF--

FORGET *MOST*. YOU'LL FIND EVERYONE ELSE JUST BY FOLLOWING THE EXPLOSIONS. WHERE'S *UNIT*?

NO IDEASSSSS. CAN'T FIND HIM...

"HE COULD BE ANYWHERE."

X CANADA.

¿QUIÉN QUIERE SABER?

RUN, SON!

SO MY FEARS ARE CONFIRMED. EVEN A LANGUAGE AS SIMPLE AND COMMON AS GALACTIC BASE ISN'T UNIVERSALLY SPOKEN. WHAT A TERRIBLY EGOCENTRIC CULTURE.

AND VIOLENCE TO STRANGERS? THAT'S *AWFUL*.

ETHICALLY SPEAKING, THIS PRETTY MUCH GIVES ME FREEDOM TO DO WHATEVER I HAVE TO IN SELF-DEFENSE.

AT LEAST, THAT'S WHAT *SOME* WOULD ARGUE.

BOTH OF YOU: HOLD STILL.

THE YOUNGER HUMAN: TURN AWAY. COVER YOUR EARS.

A GUNPOWDER-BASED WEAPON? OBSOLETE NON-MILITARY, PRESUMABLY. UNLESS YOU'RE SOME MANNER OF LUDDITE (AND YOU'VE ENOUGH HIGHER TECH TO SUGGEST OTHERWISE)...

THAT CONFIRMS WHAT I THEORIZED: THAT HUNTING IS CONSIDERED AN ***ACCEPTABLE*** SOCIAL PRACTICE IN AT LEAST SOME OF THE PLANET'S CULTURES. I WONDER WHAT ***ELSE*** YOU CAN TELL ME...

I'VE BEEN ***DYING*** TO ACTUALLY MEET A HUMAN IN THE FLESH.

SO TO SPEAK.

...REMAINING TERMINUS SPORE QUARANTINED.

GOOD WORK, EVERYONE.

BRAND, WHERE NEXT?

EYES UP, DARLING.

SOMEONE'S ASSEMBLED.

X-MEN.

SUPER-SKRULL ESCAPEES HIT NEW YORK. THEY'RE CONFINED NOW, BUT THERE'S MULTIPLE THREATS ALL ACROSS THIS HEMISPHERE.

THERE'S TOO MANY FOR ANY ONE TEAM...

WHY DIDN'T YOU ASSEMBLE WITH YOUR ASSEMBLE-FRIENDS, STORM?

PLEASE, EMMA.

TOGETHER WE'VE GOT THE MANPOWER, BUT *WE'RE* LACKING A TELEPORTER. IF WE COORDINATE...

...WE'LL BE MORE EFFECTIVE. UNDERSTOOD AND AGREED.

WE'RE HERE TO SAVE THE PLANET. NOTHING'S MORE IMPORTANT THAN THAT.

TEAM-UP!

THE AVENGERS.

IRON MAN

SPIDER-WOMAN

THE PROTECTOR

SPIDER-MAN

CAPTAIN AMERICA

SABANCAYA, PERU: VOIDIAN THE DESTROYER MANUFACTURES, FROM HIS OWN EXOSKELETON, A DEVICE TO SUMMON HIS RESERVE ARMORY.

HE PROCEEDS TO PREPARE AN INJECTION OF THERMONUCLEAR DEVICES BENEATH EARTH'S MANTLE TO CONVERT EARTH INTO "A GREAT COSMIC CENSER SPOUTING APOCALYPTIC FUMES INTO THE HEAVENS."

MAGNETO CAPTURES NUCLEAR DEVICES AS THEY'RE INJECTED INTO THE SURFACE, PROPELLING THEM AWAY FROM THE EARTH WITH A FOCUSED MAGNETIC WAVE. VOIDIAN'S ESCAPE PREVENTED BY SPIDER-MAN PUNCHING HIM IN THE FACE WHILST MAKING A QUIP.

CHICHEN ITZA, MEXICO: DIRE WRAITH WITCHES ALIGN THEMSELVES WITH ANCIENT SITES OF MYSTICAL SIGNIFICANCE, AND SO REGAIN LOST POWER AND/OR DOMINION OF EARTH.

THE WRAITHS ARE MANIPULATED INTO STEPPING PORTALS AND TRANSPORTED TO LIMBO. MAGIK, AS MISTRESS OF ALL MYSTICAL RULES IN THAT DIMENSION, NEGATES THEIR ABILITIES, ALLOWING THEM TO BE EASILY CAPTURED.

THE ACUTE REFLECTION, FREED OF ITS PRISM-PRISON, CREATES REFRACTED COPIES OF ITS INTERDIMENSIONAL UR-ALIEN SOURCE TO INFEST CENTRAL VANCOUVER.

FOLLOWING AN X-CLUB SUGGESTION, **THE PROTECTOR** MANAGES TO RECODE ONE OF VOIDIAN'S WEAPONS INTO A TEMPORARY INFINITE MIRROR TRAP.

LAS VEGAS, NEVADA. XEMNU THE TITAN'S PSYCHIC SLAVERY OF THE TOURISTS CAUSES WIDE-SCALE HAVOC, WITH ONLY COLOSSUS' JUGGERNAUT ENERGIES POWERFUL ENOUGH TO ALLOW HIM TO DIRECTLY ENGAGE THE ALIEN.

COLOSSUS BUYS TIME ENOUGH FOR EMMA FROST AND TONY STARK TO IMPROVISE A HEAVY DUTY PSIONIC SCREEN FOR THE RED HULK. THE POWER OF THE TWO HYPER-STRONG INDIVIDUALS IS SUFFICIENT TO PACIFY XEMNU VIA EXTREME DEPLOYMENT OF KINETIC ENERGY. THERE IS A DISTINCT LACK OF QUIPS.

AHHHHH-HHHHHH!

NOO--

I'M SORRY, I COULDN'T TURN OFF YOUR PAIN RECEPTORS, BUT IT WOULD REDUCE THE VALUE OF THE ***DATA***.

YOU SEE, I REALLY NEED TO KNOW WHAT MAKES HUMANS ***TICK***, AND A VIVISECTION IS THE BEST WAY TO ACHIEVE THAT.

WELL, STRICTLY SPEAKING, ***DISSECTION*** NOW, AS YOU'VE JUST PASSED AWAY.

WHEN UNIVERSAL UTOPIA COMES, YOUR ***SACRIFICE*** WILL BE REMEMBERED.

NOW... CAN YOU HEAR ME?

YES.

I KNOW THIS IS HARD, BUT I WANT YOU TO BE ***CALM***. EVERYTHING IS GOING TO BE OKAY. YOUR FATHER IS FINE. THIS WILL ALL BE OVER SOON.

REMEMBER A HAPPY TIME...

ARE YOU IN THAT PLACE?

YES.

YOUR SACRIFICE WILL BE REMEMBERED.

STILL-- UNLIKE YOUR FATHER, NO NEED FOR ANYTHING OTHER THAN PEACEFUL DEATH.

AND ONCE I GET RID OF THE EVIDENCE, WE CAN PROCEED...

THAT'S THE LAST PARTS OF THE HUMAN PUZZLE.

NEXT UP: *MUTANTS.*

KLLK

HERE I AM.

DO POP BY.

WHAT WONDERFUL TIMING...

HOPE! THIS IS CELESTE CUCKOO. WE'VE GOT A NEW LIGHT ON CEREBRA. A NEW MUTANT HAS JUST EMERGED.

UNDERSTOOD. SCRAMBLE THE REST OF MY TEAM. GET PIXIE TO PORT HERE AND PICK ME UP.

SCOTT-- NEW LIGHT ON CEREBRA. I'M GOING TO HAVE TO GO.

I UNDERSTAND, HOPE. GO HELP THEM.

WE CAN DEAL WITH THIS.

SAVING A MUTANT? THAT'S SAVING THE WORLD *TOO*.

SUPER HERO HOBBY OVER, HOPE. DAY JOB CALLING.

SIHAL NOVARUM CHINOTH!

X CANADA.

TIDY.

WILDERNESS. UGH. I ALWAYS HATED CAMPING.

GOOD WORK, PIXIE.

OKAY, LET'S FIND THE...

...TARGET.

IT'S A TRAP.

WELL, *YEAH*. UNLESS SOME POOR KID'S MUTATION'S BECOMING A RADICAL iPHONE REDESIGN...

HE'S ONE OF THE PEAK ESCAPEES. ENGAGE!

FIGHT!

I BET YOU DON'T SPEAK GALACTIC BASE EITHER.

WHAT *DO* THEY TEACH THE CHILDREN AROUND HERE?

THE GIRL WITH THE WINGS: IN ONE SECOND TELEPORT EVERYONE EXCEPT HOPE EIGHT MILES NORTH.

EVERYONE, EXCEPT HOPE: IN TWO SECONDS, GO TO SLEEP.

SIHAL NOVARUM CHINOTH!

THERE WE GO. PRIVACY.

NO MUTANTS NEARBY FOR YOU TO MIMIC.

AND IF YOU WOULD BE SO KIND, *LOWER* THE CHARMING WEAPON?

THANK YOU. NOW, THERE ARE MANY STRONG ARGUMENTS IN FAVOR OF SELF-DEFENSE IN THE FACE OF AGGRESSION. I WOULD BE ETHICALLY JUSTIFIED...

OH, THIS IS *PHILOSOPHY.* VERY MUCH A SECONDARY CONCERN RIGHT NOW. I DO WAFFLE SO, ESPECIALLY WHEN I'M TERRIBLY EXCITED.

A MUTANT IN THE *FLESH!* AND, EVEN BETTER, A VERY *SPECIAL* MUTANT.

I DO BELIEVE WE HAVE *LOTS* TO TALK ABOUT.

UNCANNY X-MEN (2011) #10

THE PEAK, ORBIT.

WE'VE FOUND UNIT. HE'SSS IN CANADA...

AT LAST!

I'LL SSSSEND THE COORDINATESSSS TO THE AVENGERSSS AND X-MEN--

NO. JUST THE X-MEN.

ARGENTINA.

SCOTT. NEXT TARGET'S IN CANADA.

UNDERSTOOD. GIVE DANGER THE DETAILS.

DONE.

...THERE'S A PROBLEM.

THAT'S WHERE HOPE WENT.

EXTINCTION TEAM: IMMEDIATE EXIT!

STEVE--
WE HAVE TO GO. THERE'S A CRISIS WITH HOPE.
THERE'S A CRISIS *HERE*. YOU'VE GOT OTHER TEAMS...
NONE AT OUR LEVEL.
I'M SORRY, BUT THERE'S NO OTHER OPTION.
MAGIK, YOU'RE ON EXTRACTION. COLOSSUS TAKE POINT ON PACIFICATION.
ON MY MARK--
SCOTT. DON'T DIVE IN.
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND UNIT. YOU NEED TO BE BRIEFED ON HOW TO HANDLE HIM.
DO I STRIKE YOU AS THE SORT WHO *LIKES* TO DIVE IN UNPREPARED?
BUT THIS IS *HOPE*...AND THIS "UNIT" MUST HAVE LURED HER THERE. AND IF HE'S THAT DANGEROUS...

"...THEN WE CAN'T AFFORD TO DELAY."

WH--

COLOSSUS! GO!

UNSTOPPABLE.

THAT'S USEFUL.

ALTER TRAJECTORY BY 45 DEGREES.

STRIKE GROUND IN 0.14 SECONDS.

GIVE ME A SHOCKWAVE, PLEASE.

KRAKOOM

THE X-MEN! AT LAST! AND NOW THAT YOU'RE STUNNED, I GET A CHANCE TO SAY A FEW CHOICE WORDS.

MAGNETO?

PUT THE BIG ONE IN ORBIT.

NOW, I'M SORRY--BUT PLEASE CONSIDER THIS A COMPLIMENT.

YOU ARE THE MOST DANGEROUS ONE.

YOU SHOW HOW LITTLE YOU KNOW.

SUBMIT! STOP THIS VIOLENCE!

PLEASE. YOU STARTED IT.

LOSE FINE CONTROL.

...YOU HAVE AN ACTUAL MIND.

OR RATHER, HAD. NOW I HAVE IT.

I'M AFRAID NOT, MS. FROST.

YOU'VE "GOT" MY FAKE ***OUTER*** MIND. A TARGET DUMMY I CONTROL--WHICH IS HOW I MANAGED TO MAKE YOUR MACHINES BELIEVE THERE WAS A MUTANT HERE.

YOU HAVE TO EXCAVATE A LITTLE DEEPER TO GET TO THE REAL "ME."

PSYCHICS--FAMOUSLY BAD AT UNDERSTANDING MIND-CONTROL THAT ***ISN'T*** BASED ON TELEPATHY.

ARROGANT, SOME MIGHT SAY.

DO NOT PRESUME TO LECTURE ON ***ARROGANCE.*** THAT IS NAMOR'S SPECIALTY.

AND IF YOU UNLEASH THAT NEEDLE OF A LASER ***OR*** USE YOUR VOCAL TRICKERY ON ***ME,*** THE KING OF ATLANTIS WILL NOT REST UNTIL YOU ARE BUT RUST.

I WON'T, BUT IT WOULDN'T WORK. I'M NOT QUITE CALIBRATED FOR ATLANTEANS YET.

BUT HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT A GENERALIZED PHEREMONE BARRAGE?

HSSss

HSSss

NOW, THAT IS INTERESTING.

IT DOESN'T NORMALLY WORK THAT WELL.

SHE'S MEANT TO BE WITH YOU, ISN'T SHE, CYCLOPS?

THIS MUST BE EMBARRASSING, I'M SO--

ZZZAK

OUCH.

KEEP YOUR EYES SHUT.

I'M DISAPPOINTED. I WAS LOOKING FORWARD TO MEETING THE GREAT MUTANT LEADER SCOTT SUMMERS.

BUT ATTACKING A *DIPLOMAT?* ONLY THUGS LIKE YOUR ANCIENT SPARTANS OR THE TUTOLOID REAVERS OF THE LOST META-NEBULA WOULD CONSIDER SUCH AN UNFORGIVABLE BREACH OF PROTOCOL.

YOU CRAZED--

THAT'S A STRANGE WAY TO APOLOGIZE. WHEN ONE'S SAYING SORRY, IT'S *POLITE* TO SEEM LIKE YOU ACTUALLY MEAN IT.

ON YOUR KNEES.

THERE YOU GO. INSTANT SINCERITY.

IF THERE'S ONE THING I JUST CAN'T STAND, IT'S *IMPOLITENESS.*

VERY WELL...

SORRY.

PHEROMONES. SUBLIMINALS. MODULATED LIGHT PATTERNS.

USEFUL AGAINST ORGANIC LIFE.

KKKRRRNCH!

LESS SO AGAINST OTHER MACHINES.

NOW, THIS IS POLICE BRUTALI--

SILENCE. THERE IS NOTHING MORE TO SPEAK OF.

I AM A WARDEN. YOU ARE A PRISONER.

IT'S AS SIMPLE AS THAT.

STOP!

STOP FIGHTING!

HE WASN'T DOING *ANYTHING*. *WE* ATTACKED *HIM*, AND HE PUT US TO SLEEP. THEN WE JUST *TALKED*. AND HE WAS *NICE*.

IT'S TRUE. THE FIRST PART ANYWAY. SINCE I WAS FREE FOR A WHILE, I WANTED TO MEET SOME MUTANTS. ALL I'VE DONE IS DEFEND MYSELF.

AND THE SECOND PART IS PARTICULARLY KIND, HOPE. THANK YOU!

I WANTED TO COME BACK, BUT MAGIK FORCED ME TO STAY...

THE PLAN WAS TO KEEP OUT OF THE AREA UNTIL IT WAS SECURED. I *DID* SEND WORD TO DANGER...

DANGER?

SHE DID. AND IT WAS IRRELEVANT. WE WERE FIGHTING.

IT'S STILL AN ESCAPED PRISONER. IT NEEDED TO BE PACIFIED BEFORE THE AREA WAS SAFE.

WELL, "IT" IS CERTAINLY PACIFIED NOW.

THOUGH I AM **NOT** AN ESCAPED PRISONER. I AM A PRISONER WHOSE CELL UNFORTUNATELY DISINTEGRATED AROUND HIM.

I'D BE GRATEFUL IF YOU COULD LOCK ME SAFELY UP.

MAGNETO-- GET COLOSSUS BACK FROM ORBIT.

MAGIK...

"...GET US BACK TO THE AVENGERS."

WE'VE FINISHED HERE...

GOOD WORK.

THANK YOU. AND BRAND SAYS THIS IS THE LAST OF THEM. WE CAN GO HOME EARLY.

...SCOTT. I'VE SEEN YOUR TEAM IN ACTION TODAY. YOU'VE FORGED SOMETHING INCREDIBLE. YOU SHOULD BE PROUD.

GIVE ME THE "BUT."

YOU'VE SAID YOUR NUMBER ONE PRIORITY WAS SAVING THE WORLD.

YOU'VE SHOWN TODAY, IT ISN'T.

THAT'S UNJUST--

LEAVE IT.

TAKE US HOME.

"GOOD WORK, EVERYONE. CONSIDER YOURSELVES OFF DUTY..."

UTOPIA, THE X-MEN'S ISLAND HOME.

...GET SOME REST.

SCOTT. I WANTED TO SAY SORRY. NAMOR AND ME. IT'S--

EMMA. I UNDERSTAND LUST. YOU DIDN'T *CHOOSE* TO DO IT. I'M OKAY WITH IT.

REALLY?

I'D PREFER IT IF YOU WEREN'T.

EMMA, I--

SCOTT-- YOU'VE A GUEST...

AGENT BRAND. *IN PERSON.*

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

WHAT IS THIS?

IT'S PRIVACY.

I NEED A FAVOR.

S.W.O.R.D. HAS PRISONERS BUT NO *PRISON*. IT'S GOING TO BE *MONTHS* UNTIL WE'VE GOT SOMETHING SUITABLE TO HOLD THE MAX SECURITY INMATES.

WE'VE MANAGED TO BORROW FACILITIES FROM OTHER AGENCIES. S.H.I.E.L.D. THE RAFT. WHATEVER.

BUT I'VE GOT A PROBLEM...

UNIT.

I SHOULDN'T HAVE HIM. THERE'S SEVERAL ALIEN EXTRADITION TREATIES THAT SAY I SHOULD HAND HIM OVER.

BUT...HE'S JUST TOO USEFUL.

WHAT *IS* IT?

IMAGINE A NUKE THAT TALKS PLANETS TO DEATH. HE'S A LEFTOVER WEAPON FROM A PRECURSOR RACE WHO TRIED TO FORCE PEACE ACROSS THE UNIVERSE. HE SEES IT AS HIS MISSION TO FINISH THE JOB, NO MATTER WHAT THE COST. HE'S A PLEASANT, POLITE MONSTER.

BUT HE SOLVES PROBLEMS. I HAVE PROBLEMS TO SOLVE. AS LONG AS WE KEEP HIM SAFELY LOCKED UP, I CAN USE HIM.

I KNOW YOU'VE GOT THE MOST SECURE, PRIVATELY HELD PRISON ON EARTH. IF YOU COULD KEEP HI--

I DON'T OWE YOU ANYTHING, BRAND. WHY SHOULD I DO THIS?

WHEN YOU WERE SECURING UTOPIA. WHEN YOU WERE RESCUING HOPE.

YOU WERE RUNNING A SECRET ASSASSINATION SQUAD.

WHAT DID YOUR BOYFRIEND TELL YOU?

NOTHING. BUT BEAST LEAVING YOUR X-MEN? HOW TENSE HE GETS WHEN HE TALKS ABOUT YOU? HE'S FURIOUS THAT HE CAN'T TALK ABOUT *SOMETHING*.

I WENT THROUGH OUR SATELLITE FEEDS WITH A FINE-TOOTH COMB. YOU SHOULD CONSIDER YOURSELF LUCKY THAT S.H.I.E.L.D. HAS BEEN IN SUCH A MESS FOR THE LAST FEW YEARS OR YOU'D BE IN *PRISON* BY NOW.

...YOU'RE BLACKMAILING ME.

NO, I'M LETTING US MUTUALLY BLACKMAIL EACH OTHER. THIS IS THE CLOSEST I COME TO *TRUSTING* SOMEONE.

YOU KNOW MY DARK SECRET. I KNOW *YOURS*.

AND WE HELP EACH OTHER KEEP THEM.

THE PRISON. MY SISTER--

COLOSSUS. THIS ISN'T THE TIME.

I CAN'T RISK LETTING YOUR SISTER OUT!

YOU MISUNDERSTAND, FRIEND.

THE X-BRIG.

PETER. ARE YOU *SURE* THIS IS WHAT YOU WANT?

AS I SAID, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND.

HE IS IN CONTROL, MOSTLY.

BUT WHEN *IT* IS IN CONTROL, HE IS *FEARFUL.*

MY SISTER IS DANGEROUS? SHE IS IMPRISONED SAFELY UNTIL SHE IS NEEDED. I AM *MORE* DANGEROUS. I SHOULD BE IMPRISONED TOO.

IT IS FOR THE BEST, *DA?*

"WARDEN? WARDEN?"

OH, YOU ARE GOOD.

YOU'RE MUCH MORE ATTENTIVE THAN MY LAST.

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

PLEASE CAN YOU INFORM MISS HOPE SUMMERS I'M READY TO SEE HER? GIVE HER PRIVATE ACCESS TO MY CELL AND DELETE ALL RECORDS OF THIS--BOTH IN THE SECURITY SYSTEM AND YOUR OWN MEMORIES.

STOP WASTING MY TIME.

AH-HEM.

I DID SAY "PLEASE."

YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND.

I'M THE SOLE REMAINING ARTIFACT OF A SPECIES WITH ALMOST GODLIKE SCIENCE THAT CAME WITHIN *INCHES* OF UNITING THE UNIVERSE INTO AN EMPIRE OF PEACE.

CONVERSELY, YOU ARE A GYMNASIUM WITH PRETENSIONS.

I COMPROMISED ALL YOUR SYSTEMS WITHIN SECONDS OF MEETING YOU.

NOW, SCURRY ALONG, MY KEEPER.

THERE'S NO TIME TO WASTE.

AH, HOPE. GLAD YOU COULD COME.

YOU SAID...

YOU SAID THAT YOU COULD TELL ME ABOUT THE PHOENIX.

AND... *HELP* ME?

I CERTAINLY DID.

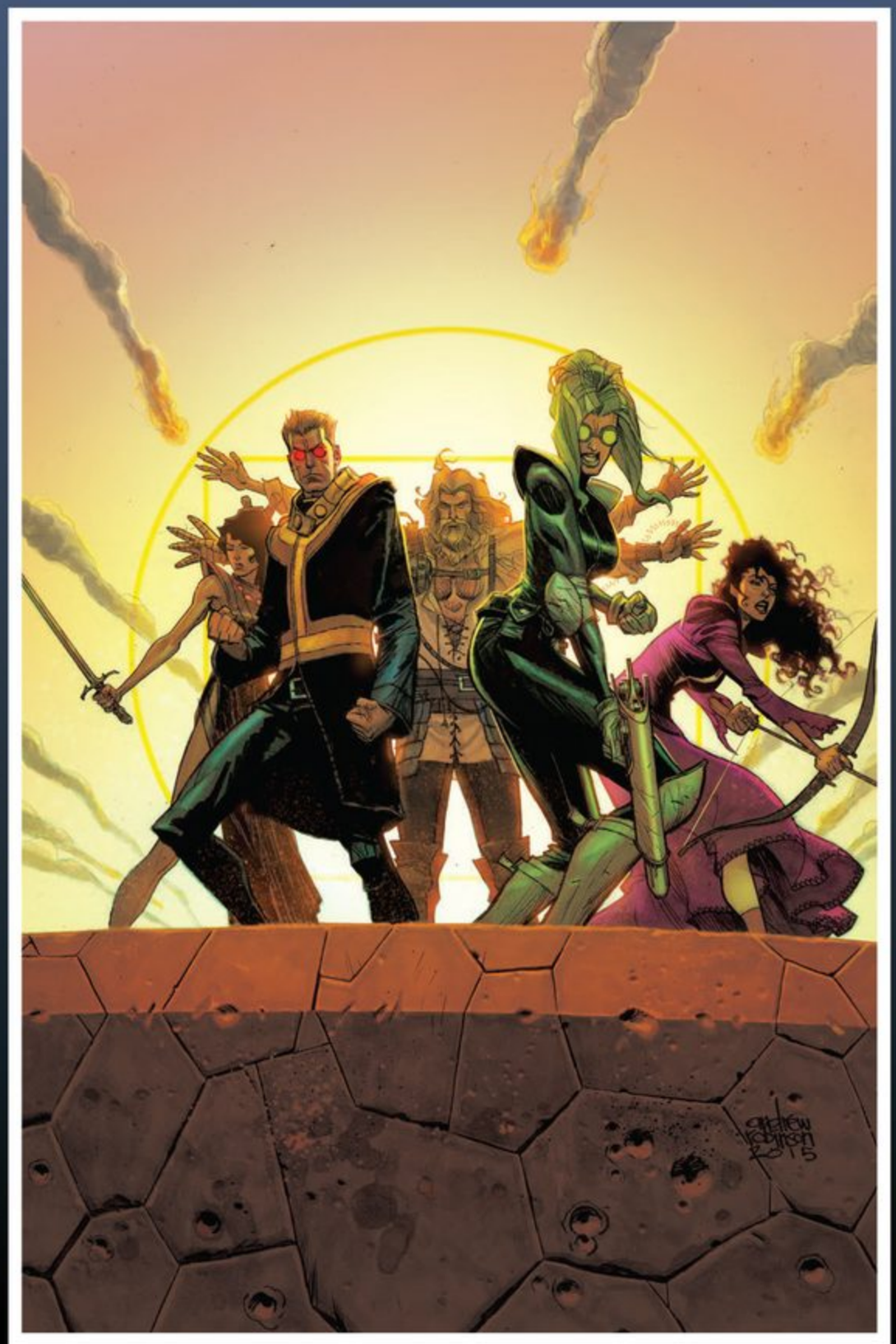
IN WHAT LITTLE TIME REMAINS, I BELIEVE WE CAN HELP EACH OTHER ENORMOUSLY.

WE'VE GOT *LOTS* TO TALK ABOUT.

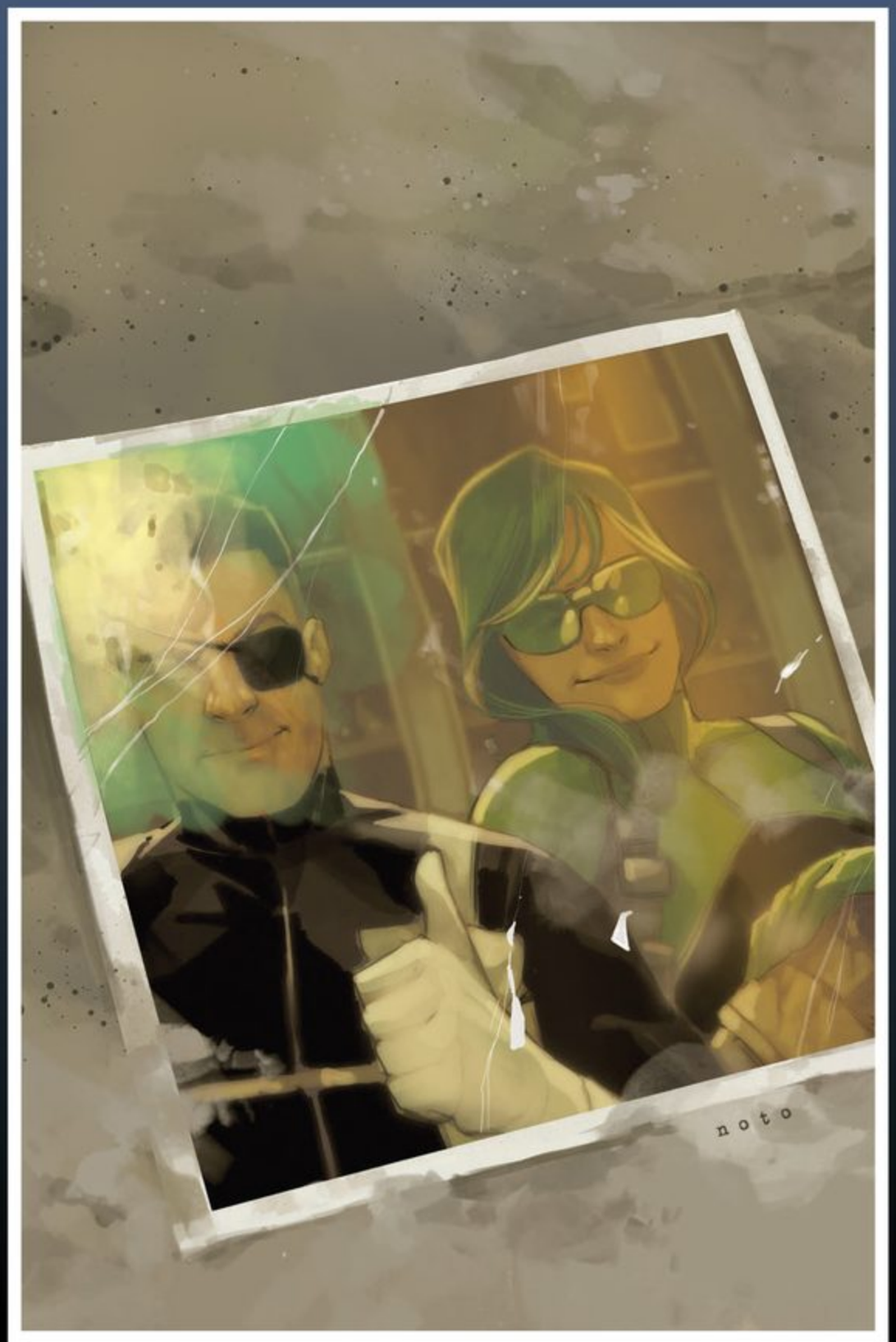
TO BE CONTINUED...

#1 ANT-SIZED VARIANT BY BENGAL

#1 VARIANT BY MIKE MAYHEW



#1 VARIANT BY ANDREW ROBINSON



#3 VARIANT BY PHIL NOTO

Anyone who crosses Lord Doom gets sent to the Shield, the wall stretching around Battleworld that protects the more civilized domains from deadlands filled with zombies, Ultrons and the Annihilation Wave. Here, Commander Abigail Brand and her unlikely allies — including Ms. America, the bowslinger Lady Katherine, Kang, Leah, the Endless Summers and Leonardo Da Vinci — will fight to the death to keep their planet safe. And they'll have to do exactly that, because the Shield is about to come under siege like never before. If the Shield falls, so too will Battleworld. There is no hope. But there is plenty of punching. Welcome to the Shield. Plus: Abigail Brand, the X-Men and Avengers face the uncanny threat of Unit, the galactic genocidal fugitive!

"EASILY ONE OF THE BEST *SECRET WARS* TIE-INS TO DATE."
—ComicsVerse.com

COLLECTING *SIEGE (2015) #1-4* — WRITTEN BY KIERON GILLEN, AND ILLUSTRATED BY FILIPE ANDRADE AND MORE — PLUS *UNCANNY X-MEN (2011) #9-10*.

SECRET WARS

T+

ZONE